An EXCELLENT

# NEW POEM

Upon the Happy PROCEEDINGS of

# Their Majesties Royal Army,

By SEA and LAND.

With a REFLECTION upon the

# INSULTING JACOBITES.

18. July. 1693.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

HELP my *Helpomones*, and Chiefest muse
In this my Fancy, that I not abuse.
The Worlds chief Wonder, *Britains* only Glory,
And not Eclips his Honour in the Story:
Great Son of *Mars* whose Feats of Arms declare
The only Monarch that yet ever were;
Whose Zeal for the Republick Good know,
All Loyal Subjects thankful Hearts do owe.
When Rome and Hell, and Abdicated *James*
Made an Alkedoma of Bloody Streams,
He with His Healing Balsam, *Orange* Juice
Soon stopt the Current of that Cursed Sluce.
And to the Wonder of the World He brought
Us out of Thraldom, and Deliverance wrought.
What Tongue is able to Express or Tell
His Glory which admits no Parallel.
To the Emblazening of his Fame Renown
He sought our Welfare, Courted not the Crown;
And when Consenting to accept the same,
Which was his Right, Can any one him blame?
None, save the Jacobites which ever faulter,
And want Advancement by a Hempen Halter.
*Lewis* Legrand, *England*'s insulting Foe,
And Abdicated *James* his Cousin know
Your cursed Craft, and hellish Actions too,
At last will work your Overthrow and Rue.
Your horrid Rigour, and your Turkish Acts
Against your Subjects term'd, and Hell's Compacts:
Usurping Tyrant, your long bloody Reign,
Adds Augmentation to your cursed Name;
Succeeding Ages which are yet to Come,
Are bound to Curse the Acting you have done.
But go, Go to You, and your Cousin *James*;
Feed on with Fancies, and your Golden Dreams;
A Period will ere long attend, and know,
To the dark Region both of you must go.

Heavens protect, and Angels guard our King,
Whose Fame abroad the Universe doth Ring;
Prosper His Arms, His Person to Protect
From Hell's *Ahitophels*, in each Respect;
And bring *Him* safely to *His* Royal Queen,
After the Acting of the bloody Scene.
Crown *Him* with Conquest, Riches, and long Life,
With Peace and Plenty, abdicating Strife,
That We his Loyal Subjects ever may,
With Acclamations cry, *God save Him*, Aye.

*PHILOPROTES T.*